The
COMMONWEAL

VOLUME XLV November 29, 1946 NUMBER 7

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THE COMMONWEAL *is indexed in the Reader's Guide, Catholic periodical Index and Catholic Bookman. Founded by the Calvert Associates, Inc., in 1924, with Michael Williams as President and Editor.*

Published weekly and copyrighted 1946 in the U. S. A. by The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. AShland 4-9685. Entered as second class matter February 9, 1934, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. U.S. and Canada $6 a year, Foreign $7. Single copies 15c.

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When There Is No Unity

THE RECENT statement of the Catholic bishops of the United States on international affairs was a desperate statement. The heaviest weight of the whole statement, the first and longest part of it, appears to be an almost formal declaration of worldly despair—repudiation of hope for peace through any natural means at present employed or visible. Consider these quotations:

> Unless those who bear the responsibility of world leadership are in basic agreement on what man is, there is no way out of the confusion and conflict which block the road to real peace. Clashes on the questions of boundaries, national security, minority safeguards, free movement of trade, easy access to raw materials, progressive disarmament and the control of the atomic bomb, important as these are, take a second place to the need of unity, in protecting man in the enjoyment of his God-given native rights. . . .
>
> To be more explicit, it is a question whether national governments are disposed to protect or to hinder the individual in the exercise of rights and in the discharge of duties which are proper to him prior to any action by the state. . . .
>
> What a government cannot do in the exercise of its own sovereignty it cannot approve or abet on the part of another government in the settlement of complicated issues such as confront the nations in making peace and planning for its preservation. . . .
>
> In an effort to preserve unity, fatal compromises have been made, whether explicitly or by tolerance of shocking aggressions. . . . But the tragic fact is that the cleavage touches issues on which there can be no compromise. . . . Before we can hope for a good peace there must come an agreement among the peace makers on the basic question of man as man. . . .

So, a real or good peace is impossible while the powers fundamentally disagree on the rights and destiny of man. Compromises, such as have already occurred, are fatal. National governments ought not compromise for themselves, and they ought not condone such basic compromise among other governments, even to preserve unity.

Then the American bishops and archbishops take up several specific world problems, currently pressing for solution: a plea for the prisoners of war, for humane treatment of displaced persons, against the ruthless herding of uprooted people, for continued relief for the war-stricken. They say that "it is not possible for us to be complacent and inactive while any of our brothers in the human family groan under tyranny and are denied the free exercise of their human rights."

What action, what kind of action, does our hierarchy envisage? What should one do about "the conflict between Russia and the West," which the statement explicitly recognizes and which everybody knows is the central danger? The organization of the United Nations gets no high billing in this statement. Until, within the UN, compromise is wiped out and human rights are secured, the hierarchy evidently sees little progressive hope within the international institution:

> In the charter of the United Nations the signatories have contracted to cooperate "in promoting and encouraging respect for human rights and for fundamental freedoms for all without distinction as to race, language or religion." Let the nations in the making of the peace do even more and in solemn covenants actually secure men everywhere in the enjoyment of their native rights. Then there will be the beginning of peace, and the fear of war will be banished from men's minds.

Compromise, trading, passivity are ruled out in the statement as means to promote peace, as it appears. What means are to be used? Prayer, certainly, an exhortation for which closes the statement. Are there remaining to us any natural means to attempt? The answer does not appear in the statement.

Theoretically, or logically, one could imagine several natural alternatives to the condemned or hopeless methods. The United States might develop a kind of power isolation, not endorsing or helping or entering into compromises and trading that go on elsewhere—giving a passive veto to the way the world is running and propagandizing against it while preserving such power that our government could not be forced into participation in further sell-outs of human beings and human rights. Or, the nation could attempt to build up progressively a larger and larger bloc of

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its own, wherein there would be no fatal compromises—a type of empire of righteousness. Finally, the nation could again go to war—an ideological war designed to wipe out the Russian threat to human rights everywhere.

The statement of the bishops, within itself, nowhere suggests any of these alternatives. The policy of ideological war, of a crusade against communism, preventive war, has been attributed to the Catholic hierarchy, including the Pope, but only by enemies and for polemical purposes. We know of no Catholics who believe that to be the policy of our hierarchy, and we ourselves surely do not believe it is. This statement leaves a practical policy not, indeed, 100 percent open, but still very and uncertainly wide open.

At this point, may it be something like this? . . . No real, solid, long-term peace, or tranquillity in order, is possible for the world while present fundamental disagreements on the nature of man endure. The United States government should not fatally compromise for some fiction: it should not compromise away either its power position or its moral position, and should not encourage or condone aggression against the rights of other people in international trading. We should bend all efforts to the piecemeal cure of specific ills, such as those mentioned above. We should make use of all time at our disposal to convert ourselves and others to the proper conception of the rights of man. We should be fervent and unremitting in the use of supernatural means. The specific task of the Church in this is prayer and conversion.

In avoiding compromise and trading, and in trying to cure staring injustices and inhumanities, we cannot tell ahead of time where a principled stubbornness of ours would lead. We believe that the bishops and archbishops, like the vast number of our fellow citizens, do not look with cool and deliberate determination at the grave possibility that such a strong policy of ours could end up in war. But they appear to be warning us that such a tragic possibility must not determine our action: the improper means of sell-out and compromising away our own and others' fundamental rights must not be utilized to achieve a specious unity and a criminally reverberating absence of large scale international war. Use good means, perhaps, and follow decent principles of national policy, and let the end, which in any case is beyond our wisdom, take care of itself.

The Roosevelt Policy

IT IS disturbing the extent to which certain leftist political groups have apparently succeeded in creating a certain legend about Mr. Roosevelt. Their effort is epitomized in their slogan, "Back to the Roosevelt foreign policy." In simple terms the argument is this: Either because of his conviction that military necessity at the time dictated it, or because President Roosevelt believed that he could win Stalin over to wholehearted cooperation by being as conciliatory as possible, the United States manifested a friendly attitude toward Russia at Yalta and Teheran. Whatever the reason, the President conceded to Stalin much of what he wanted. Somehow or other our policy—now in other hands—has since shifted; we are now acting "tough" toward Russia (whatever that may mean). The danger of war between these two mighty Powers is growing daily under the new post-Roosevelt policy. Therefore the only way to preserve the peace is to return to that neighborly attitude which Mr. Roosevelt manifested so markedly at the Yalta and Teheran Conferences.

One of the basic assumptions in this argument is that Mr. Roosevelt had, in fact, a rigid, everywhere consistent, foreign policy which has supposedly been abandoned by his successors for something diametrically opposite—at least as far as Soviet Russia is concerned. Taking the President's speeches and executive actions year after year, it would be difficult to maintain this basic thesis.

The main point is that the myth of an ironclad, appeasement-of-Russia, foreign policy on Mr. Roosevelt's part completely ignores the plainly delineated character of his approach to politics. Whatever the sentiments that moved him or the political ambition that spurred him on, Franklin D. Roosevelt was tentative, pragmatic and experimental in his approach to problems. (Political opponents dubbed him outright opportunistic.) Time and again he smilingly said in so many words that if the techniques he was then using did not work, he would discard them and turn to something else. This was true of domestic measures as well as foreign *démarches* as early as July 3, 1933 when his rejection of gold standard proposals sabotaged the London Economic Conference.

Obviously then, when it had become clear that the granting of Russian demands resulted not in cooperation but the whetting of the appetite and the issuing of further demands, Mr. Roosevelt, consistent with his pragmatic approach, would soon have drawn up short. That is why it is so misleading to hold as sacrosanct the American attitude at Yalta and Teheran, when it was nothing more than a vain and temporary tactic. In its propagandistic context "Back to the Roosevelt foreign policy" is a slogan without legitimate current application. For in these matters national security, international peace and a world maintaining law and life and order were the things which Mr. Roosevelt placed first.

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John L. Lewis

THE current warfare between John L. Lewis and his unquestionably loyal rank-and-file on the one hand and the Government of the United States on the other focuses a cruel light on great questions latent in our economy. These questions are not new; thoughtful people have been disturbed about them and have been discussing them for a long time now.

Mining, and especially coal mining, is a dangerous and unattractive way of earning your living. This is perhaps precisely why coal miners have built up a certain folklore of their own and a certain loyalty to their craft. Without either folklore or loyalty, it is doubtful whether our mines would even be as fully manned as they are. Thus at the last AFL convention the United Mine Workers represented a total voting strength of about 400,000, whereas it had been assumed in recent years that Mr. Lewis had nearer 600,000 dues-paying members. This discrepancy does not mean that his union is breaking up, but rather that less and less men are willing to live moles' lives digging for black gold. Yet an extraordinary percentage of our economy is directly dependent upon coal as a source of heat and energy. Were coal to cease to be available, especially during the colder months, not only our whole economic life would be crippled, but the public health would be in serious jeopardy. And it is from this strength that Mr. Lewis leads. He knows that he can inflict a paralyzing blow to all our lives and he also knows that there is no reserve source from which we can draw substitute men to produce coal. Knowing this, he has not hesitated to take advantage of his position and to obtain for his followers pay and working conditions which a few years ago would have seemed beyond their fondest dreams. And all this he has done with a ruthlessness which makes other, non-Republican labor leaders look like Mr. Milquetoast.

There is the other side to this list of assets. Presumably Mr. Lewis knows it. In the past he has always shown an awareness of it and has always yielded at or near the moment when the breaking point had been reached. This other side consists in popular indignation at his ruthlessness and obstructionism. If enough Americans become mad enough, they will strengthen the Government's hand against the miners to the point where Mr. Lewis might have to take a licking.

What the latest coal strike really emphasizes, however, is the hold over our entire life possible to a tiny minority acting in its own interest. In an earlier generation this same threat more frequently came from large corporate enterprise; potentially it can still come from this source; it now comes with even more disastrous consequence from labor. And here Mr. Lewis's brutally rugged individualism is likely to do all organized labor, especially that under responsible leadership, the gravest harm. Once again we confront the phenomenon of increased power without increased responsibility—the whole coupled with a professed scorn for governmental intervention and a professed devotion to "free enterprise." If the next Congress is as ruthless in its attempts to harness labor's power as Mr. Lewis has been in his leadership, we are threatened with a winter of industrial discontent to make pale the record of 1945-46.

Picking Out the "Talent"

THE workings of the minds of American "educationalists," by which we do not mean American teachers, thank heaven, are unfathomable. The latest wonderful lunacy suggested as a great step forward for our society would be the annual or biennial listing of about 2,000 boys and girls who would thus be classified as members of the "talent classes" of the year in which they were born. Presumably this would afford a pool of young people with the highest ability, either "academic or verbal," scientific or artistic, and able "to exercise constructive social leadership." We are told that the old-style ratings of these young genii would be supplemented by "personal histories" showing achievements along specific lines as well as "evidence of thinking, social competence, emotional stability and leadership." "Boys and girls thus singled out will find it difficult to make a wholesale personal adjustment to such recognition," yet the advantages of this identification, we are told, outweigh this hazard.

On the face of it, no scheme for the creation of a worse infestation of prigs could be devised, and the tragedy of the thing would be that necessarily a great deal of real talent would be spoiled by this inhuman awarding of crowns before the crowns are earned. Surely we know little enough about talent to embark upon a public program of recognizing it among the immature. Yet what is really extraordinary is that grown people should seriously make such a proposal and that it should seriously attract public attention when what is obviously most needed is for our school system to solve the far more important problem of providing adequate education on the elementary level of the three R's. Talent has a way of taking care of itself.

The Smiling Scientists

THERE IS A picture in the paper this Monday which shows eight gentlemen, five standing, three sitting, and all but one of them is smiling. The one that is not smiling is trying

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very hard to read something that is too far away for him to read; he looks down over Professor Albert Einstein's shoulder at a document that is being shown to the great man, and he looks down as if he were looking down at the body that is lying on the street after an accident. All these men are scientists, every one of them is a professor somewhere or other, and they all look so happy that it is worth while going through the left-to-right business in the caption in order to be able to say that the professor who has not seen the joke is Thorfin R. Hogness of the University of Chicago.

These men are the Emergency Committee of Atomic Scientists and, smiling, they propose to raise one million dollars (the cost, or half the cost of one atomic bomb) in order that they may contribute effectively "through enlightenment to prevent able statesmen from being hampered in their work by antiquated opinions and prejudices."

I think I was wrong when I said they looked happy. In a photograph a smile is a smile; a photograph does not register sarcasm. Probably they are all smiling sarcastically about the "able statesmen" or, even more probably, about that bright and archaic word "enlightenment" which one of them has worked into the text of their joint statement. And it is certainly a matter for bitter sarcasm when the public has to be protected already from "antiquated opinions" about the atom bomb—the central opinion being that its possession by America makes America safe. But, in the rising scale of probability, what makes them smile, in order not to weep, is another sentence in the document: "Our efforts [to procure enlightenment] have their origin in a feeling of the heavy responsibility which physicists have taken upon themselves by the creation of the atom bomb." That is a bitter one. And don't think they don't know it—they have this sentence too: "The intellectual workers cannot successfully intervene directly in the political struggle."

All the intellectual workers can do is to put the package in the plane and then, wherever there happens to be a break in the clouds, the bomb drops on some Hiroshima or other, and Mr. John Hersey prints his piece in the *New Yorker* and the Intellectual Workers of the World read it there or they wait till it comes out in a book. It is not much fun to be a scientist because on the one hand science must be free and, on the other, scientists have to be good patriots and make whatever they are told to make. So they make the bomb; they keep their free mouths shut all the time they are making it; they wrap it up and mail it out to the generals who are fighting a war with which they cannot interfere, and then what happens turns their stomach. It is not much fun and certainly it is a great dilemma; it is certainly a philosophical dilemma: the mind that must be free in the man who must obey.

That is the cause of this "heavy responsibility" that worries all scientists during those relatively few moments in which some government is not putting them on their word of honor to be as silent as members of the football squad who promise not to talk, even in their sleep, about the signals for the play round tackle. These American scientists of atomic research are not like the German atomic scientists who have been lifted by the Americans or the British or the Russians out of Germany and who are fed somewhere while they work at forced labor. The Americans have this desperate holiday from close confinement and they can talk.

So they talk. No doubt it would be asking too much of them that they should talk about the past and tell us where was their feeling of "heavy responsibility" when they handed over the bomb to the generals *after* the German defeat. It will be futile also to ask them anything when a new war starts. Then, they will be too busy.

Even now, when they can speak to us, if only briefly perhaps, and we to them, it is not possible for us to solve their dilemma. For that matter, they would be the first to agree that these questions of responsibility and conscience must be solved by every man alone. If they choose to say that in a perfect and warless world science would beneficently be engaged in irrigating the deserts, and the rest of it, they are not telling us anything new. If they say that in this sad world of wars science will make the wars worse and worse, they will not be telling us anything new. If they say they are embarrassed and unhappy and want a million dollars so that they can tell us all how embarrassed and unhappy they are, and also what is coming to us if we don't watch out, we will give them the million dollars because it is just as well for us to know. So here are the six points of their unhappy and ghastly statement which we are happy to publish for free in lieu of contributing to their fund:

1. Atomic bombs can now be made cheaply and in large number. They will become more destructive.
2. There is no military defense against atomic bombs and none is to be expected.
3. Other nations can rediscover our secret processes by themselves.
4. Preparedness against atomic war is futile, and if attempted, will ruin the structure of our social order.
5. If war breaks out atomic bombs will be used, and they will surely destroy our civilization.
6. There is no solution to this problem except international control of atomic energy and, ultimately the elimination of war.

And now that we are enlightened by the scientists, where do the "able," and now not "hampered" statesmen go? C. G. PAULDING.

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Isolating Germany

The Anglo-American Iron Curtain

M. G. Ballantyne

THE AUTHOR of the following article, a distinguished Canadian Catholic journalist, returned from a brief exploratory trip to Europe toward the end of June, 1946. While in Germany, he became aware of the extraordinary isolation in which this occupied country was being kept—immediately aware in the zones he himself visited, the British and the American. He thereupon wrote this article. It was based upon what information he could gather informally within Germany itself. To obtain confirmation of his charges from authorities on this side of the Atlantic proved a slow and disheartening task, in which a number of interested agencies as well as THE COMMONWEAL *shared. Finally, in October, the United States Post Office Department wrote* to the *American Civil Liberties Union: "The present restrictions applicable to mail service to Germany and Japan were prescribed by the controlling authorities in those countries, and cannot be removed or amended by this Department until permission . . . is received from those authorities."*

As far as we have been able to ascertain, the following is a brief summary of the present rules regarding communication between the outside world and the American and British zones in Germany. On April 1, 1946, first class mail was opened for communication to Germany from the outside world, but only personal letters — no printed matter whatever, not even personal photographs—could be sent. It would seem that these regulations continue in force. On May 17, parcel post was opened to Germany and on June 9 regulations were established for such parcel post. Only gifts could be sent, and these must include no printed matter, not even for wrapping purposes. Parcels could not exceed 11 pounds in weight and must contain only clothing, food and medicines. Finally persons returning to take up their residence in Germany are not allowed to bring in books on the AMG's prohibited list.

As for the rules covering communication from Germany to the rest of the world, German civilians may mail only private letters—no business letters. No magazines, books, newspapers or clippings may be sent out either by individuals or organizations. Apparently the censorship has occasionally cleared clippings enclosed in letters.

THE EDITORS.

IT IS THE MARK of weak dictatorships—and what dictatorship is not basically weak—that they seek to isolate their victims. The righteous do not fear the light, and the confident welcome criticism. But the weak try to stifle all independence of thought lest their own inadequacies be exposed. So it has been with all dictatorships of the past and of the present.

When a political régime is not only dictatorial but messianic, the autocrats find added reason for their "thought control" in their desire for docility and even gullibility on the part of their subjects. As a surgeon finds it more convenient to operate upon an anaesthetized patient, so do ideological despots prefer to empty the minds and *vitiate* the wills of their victims so that they may become passive receptacles apt to receive the new message.

These characteristics were well exemplified by the nazis. Throughout the twelve years of their rule the National Socialists sought to manipulate the German mind. With the fearful jealousy of a dog gnawing its bone, the nazis growled at the approach of any outside influence or thought which might weaken their hold over their victims. By propaganda, by control of broadcasting and news facilities, by pressure through licensing and control of newsprint supplies, by distortion and manipulation, by the burning of books, and by the hounding and intimidation of writers, the nazis gathered into their own hands all the means by which information might have been conveyed to their people.

One would think, then, that the first action of the Allies after defeating the nazis would be to destroy the work of Goebbels, to throw down the confining mental walls, and to open to the German people without further restriction the whole field of thought and information. Of all secret weapons and new inventions discovered by the nazis, none had been more effective or more potent than their experiments in mass psychology and their demagogic prostitution of modern means and techniques of information. Here we had the very heart of the evil thing that was nazism, and it was through this heart that one would have expected the conquering sword to be thrust. The physical destruction of nazism is not enough to ensure peace. There can be no peace so long as sixty or seventy million Germans live

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unreconciled, unintegrated, and ignorant in the midst of Europe. Peace will come only when the Germans realize their errors, and they will realize their errors only when they see for themselves. Truth, whole and uncontrolled, at the service of free, questioning intellects—in this lies the sole hope for the eventual healing of the malady now afflicting the Germans, and not only the Germans.

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Yet we find that it is exactly the opposite course which the occupying forces have adopted. Instead of destroying the work of Goebbels they have continued and even intensified it. Instead of throwing down the walls which confine the German mind, they have strengthened them. The crying need of the Germans today is for knowledge, for perspective, and for re-integration into western culture. These needs could be met only by the light of truth and by the revivifying fresh air of free, and therefore responsible, thought. Not only do the occupying authorities control sources of news, censor newspapers, and manipulate allocations of newsprint within Germany; they have even forbidden Germans to receive any book, periodical or publication from the outside world. Letters from without the country were banned until this last spring and even now are restricted to banalities. Only the radio is left to the Germans as a source of information, and it is a source in which they no longer believe.

This fantastic situation becomes doubly absurd when one considers that even churchmen abroad are forbidden to communicate printed matter to their fellows within the Reich. Of all the forces which might cleanse the German mind of its pride and its racial errors, none could be as effective as Christianity. Of all the influences which might serve to re-integrate the Germans into a common European way of life, none could be more powerful than the very Faith which formed that way of life. Yet the Christians of other lands are unable to communicate freely with their fellows within Germany. So rigorously was this policy enforced when I was in Germany that the Vatican was unable to correspond freely with the unofficial Papal Delegate to the American Military Government. Indeed this same Delegate could not even receive *l'Osservatore Romano*. (This was the situation in June; I have no reason to believe that it has changed.)

Truly Hitler was not boasting idly when he said that he would win the war in people's minds even if he lost it on the battlefields. For physical victory can never be consolidated without intellectual victory. If we have defeated nazism only to succumb to its methods and its ideology, then indeed our costly victory will prove to be empty. We cried out in protest when the nazis burned books in the market places, and we extolled freedom of the press and freedom of thought in the face of Goebbels's depredations. Why, then, are we silent while our own authorities in our own name perpetuate these evils? The nazis burned our books and we burn their books, and the Germans look on and see that the sin is the same and that there is neither freedom nor confidence in the minds of their rulers.

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What *is* in the minds of their present rulers appears to be a medley of vindictiveness, fear, and faulty reasoning. The excuses given by them for their policy appear to be as follows: (1) That German postal facilities were so disrupted by the war that it is not yet possible to restore free and unlimited deliveries. (2) That the Germans lack foreign exchange with which to subscribe to outside publications or to order books. (3) That it would be dangerous to permit the Germans to read about our weaknesses and difficulties, i.e., our strikes and our differences with our Russian Allies. (4) That the Germans are not yet ready to take their truth straight, that they cannot discriminate between truth and error, consequently we must continue to do their thinking for them.

These four excuses can be answered. (1) The Allied armies, which performed such prodigies of supply and organization during the war, could already have restored full and free postal deliveries had they given such work what it deserved, namely, top priority. It was the will, not the means, which was lacking. (2) Many citizens of the Allied powers would be glad to contribute to send the publications of their countries to those Germans who could read the language in which they were printed. Moreover it would have repaid the Allied Governments many times over to have taken this responsibility upon themselves and to have flooded Germany with all serious and informative publications representing all responsible points of view in their respective countries. (3) As any student of human nature would surmise, and as every visitor to Germany knows, the banning of accurate information does not leave a vacuum; it only promotes the growth of rumor and false information. The Germans are thoroughly well aware of such matters as our strikes and our differences with the Russians. Instead, however, of having some idea of the truth and perspective of these matters, they are forced to rely on rumor, imagination and wishful thinking. (4) This excuse is so fundamentally futile that it scarcely needs an answer. A vast proportion of the world's ills has been caused by the few trying to think for the many. Even if the few think correctly they are still doing damage, for man is such a creature that he must do his thinking for himself. No man is good enough,

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no man can be sure enough, to do another's thinking. Man is made to think and he must be permitted to do so even at the cost of errors and mistakes. Thinking, like eating, is something that each man must do for himself. The Germans have been stunted for years because people have been trying to do their thinking for them, and it is high time that we ceased to perpetuate the mistake.

Military victory was won at enormous cost, and it brought with it enormous opportunities. On VE Day some Germans looked on us as liberators and all Germans were glad to see an end to useless hostilities. Had we then boldly practiced the democracy we preached, had we reached out the hand of fellowship to the not inconsiderable number of Germans who had fought nazism despite cruel suffering, had we shown ourselves confident and unafraid of truth, Germany might have been gained for Western Europe.

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Certain military circles argue against this view by saying that the Germans can't be trusted, and that they have congenitally twisted outlooks. These officials justify their restrictions on newspapers, for example, by stating that such and such a paper was allowed to commence after the war and that its publishers broke the rules by criticizing the military government or by engaging in forbidden political discussion. But this whole attitude is nonsensical. What the Germans need above all is a vigorous diversified press. For years they have heard only one side of affairs, and it would do them good to have a dozen different papers voicing a dozen different views. And why on earth shouldn't German papers criticize the military governments or indulge freely in all kinds of political discussions? Are we such delicate and such feeble peoples that we cannot endure criticism? Are our activities and policies so dubious that they will not stand the light of day?

As for the contention that Germans have congenitally twisted minds, it should suffice to reply that this argument (like its twin to the effect that *all* Germans are guilty) is pure Hitlerian racism. It is unfortunately true that the vast bulk of Germans do seem to have twisted minds, but their minds are not congenitally twisted, they have been twisted by lack of knowledge. The remedy for a twisted mind is not to draw the bonds tighter, but to free the tortured member.

We have created a festering and fermenting mass in the heart of Europe. Just as fungi grow in the shade, so do all manner of rumors, self-justifications and foolish conjectures proliferate in an atmosphere of censorship and suspicion. Three examples of current German opinions will demonstrate this tendency. First of all the Germans think that we are deliberately starving them as a matter of policy. They know only too well how little they themselves are getting to eat, but they do not know that the situation is largely irremediable and that the people of the conquering countries are depriving themselves of food in order to send it even to Germany. The Germans know their own sufferings, but they scarcely begin to know of the sufferings of others. Only full access to letters and publications from these countries could provide the Germans with such knowledge. How then can we blame them for what is called whining, since they have never been permitted to find the truth?

The second example concerns the treatment of German prisoners in certain forced labor camps in France. It is true that in some of these camps the lot of the inmates was almost as bad as in Dachau. This the Germans knew, because they had seen some of those who were lucky enough to survive and return. But what the Germans did not know was the great difference between the German and the French situations, namely, that the horrors of the French camps drew flaming protests from many Frenchmen as a result of which conditions were improved. The Germans knew the bad half of the story but they were ignorant of the good half, and they were ignorant because they were not allowed to read the French press or to receive informative letters from France. The third example is the German belief that the Allies in general and the Americans in particular are dissolute barbarians cynically professing a democratic creed in which they themselves do not believe. The Germans think this because they see the shocking actions of the bored and insubordinate troops of occupation, whereas they know nothing of our home sources of strength.

Whether the future will be one of good or evil may well be determined by what comes out of Germany in the next few years. Two great forces are now contending for the minds and souls of men. On the one hand is the creed of the ant heap, the compulsive unity of the slave state, the collectivity at the expense of the individual. On the other hand there is what is left of the Christian concept of the individual dignity of man as a creature inalienably endowed with freedom. Is man wholly subject to the state, or are man and the state alike subject to immutable and just law? The world cannot forever exist half slave and half free. One or other of these concepts must convince and conquer. In this crucial and critical battle the Germans occupy a key-position. Their choices and their decisions in the next few years may well decide the future of Europe for generations. Let us see to it that they are informed so that they may at least have a chance to choose wisely.

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Millar, I've Seen You Some Place Before

JOHN BRODERICK

SEVERAL WEEKS AGO I filled an empty day reading a book called "The Horned Pigeon," by a young Englishman named George Millar, a story of wartime capture and escape which I understand was received with something like public acclaim in England and has since been treated to a spell of generous attention over here. Millar's record of events deals with what happened to him and what he thought about from the time the German Afrika Korps snatched him out of his position as a platoon commander with the British Eighth Army until, after a series of Italian and German prison camps, he escaped and made his way through the French Underground to the British Consulate in Barcelona, then to Gibraltar, and finally home to a dreary reunion with his wife. For Millar the most important moment of his adventure was the home-coming in London, but my own interest in his story was arrested on Gibraltar and I wish he had stayed around long enough to straighten out some curious psychological business that he started there.

Near the end of his journey, while waiting on Gibraltar for a plane that would take him back to England, several very odd things happened to Millar. Walking down the street one day he thought he recognized an old friend named Pearson, a fellow he had known before the war when they were both newspaper reporters. However, when he walked up to the man he found it wasn't Pearson after all; in fact, didn't even look like him. This might have been passed off as a normal error, but on the following day Millar actually did meet Pearson. Shortly after this meeting Millar got the idea that Alan Moorehead was somewhere around, so he went to the Rock Hotel and asked for him. The people at the hotel said that Moorehead wasn't there and, as far as they knew, was not expected. The next day Millar met another old newspaper pal and told him of his recent feeling about Moorehead. The friend said that Moorehead had just arrived and was staying at the Rock. A day later Millar walked up to one of the customers in the Bristol Bar and hailed him as his brother. On close examination the fellow turned out to be a naval officer (Millar's brother was in the army) and no relation at all. Undiscouraged, Millar returned to the Bristol about twenty-four hours later and did find his brother, in army uniform, seated on the very bar stool the naval officer had occupied the preceding evening. Before there was time for another manifestation Millar left for England where he immediately became engrossed in domestic wretchedness. I suppose it's just as well that Millar left Gibraltar when he did; at the very least, his continued antics would have ruined business at the Bristol Bar. From my own point of view, however, I wish he'd been able to stay on awhile longer because I feel he might have recorded something that would help me clear up some trouble of my own.

My disorder wasn't brought on by unusual military stress, yet I consider it a war ailment, the result, primarily, of excessive travel in the Zone of the Interior. I spent most of my time between 1940 and 1946 as a member of the Air Corps, an organization which experienced a considerable rise in fashion during those years and now goes about under the more dashing label of Army Air Forces. Frequent travel was considered good style in the Air Forces, and before settling down to the heartless business of fighting the war most aviation people passed through a breezy training period devoted largely to a domestic grand tour, an indulgent approach to battle which developed in young men a fine social knowledge of the great American cities and prepared them for later experiences in the wide world of requisitioned villas and chateaux. I greatly enjoyed my share in this period of home travel and it seems a contradiction that my present difficulty, like some historic sin, should have so innocent an origin.

At the start my case was quite different from Millar's. I never had a premonition that I was going to meet someone I knew, but while traveling round the country on real or contrived aviation business I occasionally met people I had known at some time in the past. Of course, I wasn't as demanding as Millar was on Gibraltar; for him it had to be his brother or some English newspaper man, but I was always pleased and satisfied to meet just about anybody I had ever known before. My standard for the remarkable was fairly low in those days, so I immediately took to the new experience and began to regard it as an unexpected bit of military pleasure. I found it pleasant to cultivate the pattern of the experience and by April of 1944, when I departed for the European Theater, I had made the following positive identifications: I had located my high school civics teacher playing the guitar in a USO trio that was entertaining at a one-night stand for the benefit of a mixed audience of officers, enlisted men and civilian camp employees at Morris Field, Charlotte, N. C.; I had forced a Lieutenant Colonel who was serving as both War Bonds and Post Exchange Officer at Mitchell Field, L. I., to admit that he had been circulation manager in charge of newsboys on the Easton (Pa.) *Morning Free Press* during the fall and winter of 1938-39; and I had met a technician fourth-class in the Brown Hotel Bar at Louisville, Ky., who recalled, after some reflection, that he had once competed with me in the fifty yard footrace for boys under fourteen at a picnic sponsored by the Bonney Forge and Tool Works.

I intended to keep up my interest in these discoveries during my stay in the European Theater, but in England things began to go badly for me almost at once. On my first evening of liberty in London I was treated rudely by an American naval lieutenant (j.g.) in the lobby of the Grosvenor Hotel after I had suggested that the lieutenant and I had once been shipmates on a fourteen-day summer cruise aboard the Sea Scout vessel *Admiral Byrd*. For some time afterward I felt badly about this brush with the lieutenant, and I suppose I should have realized that my interest in these chance meetings, like any hobby

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that is pushed too far, would lead me to some unhappy psychological end. However, I finally forgot about it, and was even able to put behind me a mistake I made a few days later when I asked, during a friendly train conversation, if the major sitting next to me had not at one time driven a bus in Allentown, Pa. But I wasn't able to overlook what happened the next time I went into London.

On that trip—the last time I ever went there—I wandered, shortly after midnight, into the snack bar at the Jermyn Street Red Cross Club. As I remember it, there was ten people in the snack bar when I came in; eight of the people were American officers and the other two were employees of the club, both of them women. I was quite certain that I didn't know the two women, but somehow the eight officers all looked familiar. I was sure that I'd seen every one of them some place before.

The war was never very much fun for me after that. At first I kept on going out once in a while anyway, but my confidence was gone; everybody looked like anybody after that night at the Jermyn Street Red Cross. About a month later we moved to France and all the people in our unit began going into Paris quite a bit. It must have been lovely there; they all seemed to have such a fine time. I don't know. I never went in.

I thought everything would come back into focus when I came home, but I find things even more confusing here. Most of the people I knew before the war are about thirty now, and everyone is a little fatter or has begun to lose his hair. Sometimes, buried behind a jowl, I see a face that looks familiar, but I never take a chance on it; just keep going right on down the street. I wonder what ever happened to Millar.

"The Third Hour"

HELEN ISWOLSKY

WE LIVE in the age of mass-movements, mass-publications and mass-broadcasting. However suspicious the intellecual élite may feel about vulgarization and popularization, this élite is not entirely free from the great temptation of the twentieth century: widely to circulate ideas, by addressing large audiences in large auditoriums, or by turning volumes written for the few into pocket editions. We were recently informed that a new version of the Bible is a best-seller: satisfaction was felt in discovering that the Holy Scriptures were being widely spread through modern publishing methods. While delighting that the Bible is increasingly available we may still ask ourselves with some apprehension how deeply do the words of this new streamlined publication enter the minds and the souls of contemporary readers? In the Hudson Valley I met an old lady living in a quiet village who showed me her family Bible with beautiful Gustave Doré illustrations, saying, "This book keeps me company each night." This woman has, no doubt, a better knowledge of the Bible than the reader who suddenly buys it as a best-seller. The great temptation of our age does not come from heresy, but from too rapidly absorbed and half-digested ideas. Like half-assimilated foods, such ideas breed poisons and produce sluggishness.

One of these widely-spread and half-assimilated truths is that various peoples, belonging to different cultures and creeds, should come to a better understanding. International rapprochement has ceased to be an academic problem; it has become a vital necessity on which the future of humanity and civilization may depend. It is surprising, however, how shallow are the streams of human understanding in the international field. And this is especially the case in so far as understanding among religious groups is concerned. It is a widely circulated slogan that Christian Unity is urgently needed in the face of materialist doctrines and systems. The idea of promoting a better understanding among Christians of various creeds is approved and encouraged by the highest spiritual authorities of our time. The Catholic Church, while firmly defending the unchangeable character of dogma, has worked in the field of a rapprochement with non-Catholics wherever they can be met on non-doctrinal ground. Similar attempts have been made by Protestants and Orthodox. To a certain extent, these efforts are known to the public at large and are received with sympathy. The age of intolerance has come to an end in the Christian world. And yet, no deep ecumenical feeling has resulted from this new era of tolerance. No vivid sense of spiritual fraternity among peoples has come out of this war. The waters of ecumenical union are not only shallow; they are cold and sluggish.

Perhaps what is most needed is not a bigger and better ecumenical movement, but the quickening of the spirit of brotherhood in small groups and in separate individuals. There is a certain ecumenical *personalism* which is lacking in our midst. The reunion of the churches cannot be solved in forums and on platforms. Neither can it be exclusively prepared by ecclesiastical bodies through official declarations and statements. As Wladimir Solovieff, the great Russian religious thinker, expressed it: "Reunion must not be a mechanical, but a chemical operation." Such an operation requires laboratories and, as all creative research work, it requires inspiration.

Laboratories of spiritual research exist throughout the world, but they lead an obscure and sporadic existence precisely because their discoveries are strictly in the experimental stage. Still, the experience thus collected during recent years has inspired here and there small groups representing various creeds, who in their turn have started to work in common. Ecumenical team-work is often pursued with great difficulty and sometimes leads to discouragement and disappointment. But in other cases it develops satisfactorily and wins yet another victory over prejudice and misunderstanding. Almost in every case, whether entirely successful or not, spiritual "work-shops" usually offer something definite: a precedent, an example, a turn towards a new trend of ecumenical thought which may apparently wither, only to blossom out a few years later in some unexpected and dynamic form.

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Such a "work-shop" has recently been created in New York by a small group of people who had met before in Europe, and were later dispersed by the war, only to be once more reunited in America. The members of this group, belonging to the Catholic, Orthodox and Protestant Church, recently resumed their friendly meetings and discussions. The debates were held privately and on a basis whose scope was even more restricted than that of a study-circle. But each member of the group had friends and correspondents in America or in Europe who shared their ideas and encouraged their work. Finally, the result of the private discussions was sifted and put into writing. Friends and correspondents sent their own materials to the "work-shop." And it was thus that was founded a small publication, limited to a few hundred copies and entitled the *"Third Hour."* The name recalls the hour of the descent of the Holy Ghost on the Apostles. It invokes the pentecostal spirit of joy and dynamic expansion, and true to the vocation of the renewed man, the publication seeks to express itself in various languages. The first issue of the *Third Hour* was in Russian; the second and third issues, now in preparation, will be in French and English.

In spite of so wide a program, the expression of Jacques Maritain, *"les moyens pauvres"* may be well applied to the *Third Hour*. It is indeed but a booklet, of approximately one hundred and fifty pages. But it is not a pamphlet or a tract; it is a miniature collection of carefully chosen and well-constructed texts which could figure in a religious review or anthology of contemporary spiritual writings. Among the contributors we find Nicholas Berdiaeff, the well-known Russian religious thinker; Raissa Maritain, author of "We Have Been Friends Together"; Denis de Rougemont, the young Swiss Protestant philosopher, and Father Dvornik, the Czech Catholic scholar who has helped to remove many historical errors which had long formed on the path of reunion seemingly insurmountable obstacles. In the field of Russian religious experience, *Third Hour* publishes essays on Dostoievsky, Rozanoff, Solovieff and Fedoroff, the latter's social and religious philosophy being for the first time revealed to the Western reader. Other papers offer various aspects of Russian religious life in the past and present, as for instance the story of Saint Steven of Perm, the evangelizer of the Russian North, or the article devoted to the Moscow Patriarchate. There are several papers on various old or new forms of religious and liturgical life, all pointing to the possibility of finding a common ground among groups and peoples who have been divided by century-old prejudice and misunderstanding. The promotion of the Eastern rite among Russian Catholics, the Latin rite introduced in an Orthodox church in France, the creation of an Orthodox Benedictine order, the incorporation in Catholic ritual of common prayers of the Orthodox Church and many of the latter's saints, the liturgical revival in the Lutheran Church, have been or will be all "reported" in the *Third Hour*. On the other hand all controversial topics are carefully avoided.

This does not mean, however, that the editors of this little volume are blended into a sort of impersonal, irresponsible and compromising group. Each contributor asserts with force both his profound aspiration to Unity and at the same time, the characteristic elements of his own creed. This is an orchestra, where each musician handles his own instrument and follows his own score. There is no conductor in this orchestra, but harmony is achieved because each author has studied his own religion with a maximum of seriousness and attention, and has found in this study a deeper realization of the essence of Christianity which is essentially Unity Through Love.

Whatever the future development of the *Third Hour*, it has created this new type of ecumenical personalism effected in work-shop experiments which appear to us as an antidote to spiritual mass-production.

Communications

OUR LAW WAS BROKEN

Sunnyside, Wash.

TO the Editors: May I register a vigorous protest against your editorial of October 18. I consider it completely mistaken, and, I hate to say it, irresponsible.

I have always understood that it was one of the advantages of Anglo-Saxon and American law that it was not codified in the Roman and Continental way and therefore left room for common sense development and the protection of Natural Law so often nullified in countries where rigid codes are in vigor. I seem to remember an article by Father Wilfrid Parsons, S.J., a few months ago referring us to the great seventeenth century theologians as the authorities to whom the men in Nuremberg should have turned.

Naturally, no code can provide laws and punishment for every possible crime. None of the condemned—or of the three acquitted—can claim that he did not violate every code of decency, the laws of his own country and natural law. That this process is without precedent stems from the fact that the nazis are without precedent too, and that the men of 1918 were totally different from the men of 1946. Why do you refuse to acknowledge this? The equation you make of the two is either a case of complete incomprehension or demagoguery. The court did not make any new law retroactive, but gave the old laws of mankind their first application.

Nobody can deny that the trial was fair, or can you show evidence to the contrary? If so, you have a duty to fight for your ideals. Even the fact that the victors —actually the only existing authority in Germany—sat to try these criminals is being used by your editorial to slur the proceedings. The alternative, as Professor Karl Jaspers of Heidelberg says, is impossible to be taken seriously: Who would have appointed or chosen the German judges, but the victors? Or would you have preferred to let the generals, admirals, gauleiters, etc., go free and unpunished? Did not Archbishop Groeber claim that the military men were "men of honor." What do you think the rest of the Germans would have done? My German correspondents tell me that a sincere demo-

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crat has already a hard time asserting himself; in other words that crypto-nazism goes on. Nobody is näive enough to believe that these men were "just soldiers fighting for their country." Then why pretend? Nothing happened to our "sundered" justice but that it had to suffer to sit on the bench with men from Russia, which may not have plotted an aggressive war, but certainly did everything to make herself appear as base as Nazi Germany in her heyday.

"The tenses are" not "wrong" in this trial.

If you felt that grave injustice was committed, why did you not raise your voice earlier and more vigorously, as was your human and patriotic duty? By doing so now you expose yourself to the suspicion that you are casting off your own responsibility. To those elements in this country who are riding the crest of the post-war moral hangover you gave aid and comfort and, I am sure, the good news will get through to those elements in Germany who are making their files for the collection of material the next dictator will need. Things like this happened after Versailles and finally we got so far that even the many good parts of that treaty were regarded as the wicked concoctions of a bunch of witches presided over by an arch-hypocrite (this is what Germans were supposed to believe): the late Woodrow Wilson.

What is the purpose of this editorial? By *not* comparing it to a Moscow trial, by *not* saying it was as silly as the Laval trial, by *not* equating it to Tito's farces, you get a good chance to name all these more or less contemptuous performances in one breath with decent men and a trial that can very well stand up among Christians, humane men and women, victorious and vanquished people. What then is the difference between this editorial and smear? Or are you such formalists that you put code over law, procedure over natural law —fiat iustitia (of the routine kind), pereat mundus?

Disappointedly yours,

The Rev. H. A. REINHOLD.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Your editorial on the Nuremberg trial in your October 18th issue will come as a surprise to many of your readers. You write: "Nuremberg . . . condemned men for crimes which were not listed in any law books as crimes at the time they were committed, and so it was not all right because we have never thought it all right to condemn anyone on an *ex post facto* law. *In Nuremberg we made new law and made it retroactive.* (Last italics mine)

Is that so? In one sentence you certainly cover a lot of history. Conceding that your conclusions do not derive from the same prejudiced assumptions that guide the mental processes of one Senator Taft, we think that history would tell a different story.

Recent history gives superficial support to your position, and by recent I mean the history of the last three hundred years. During this period fines were levied on aggressor nations and territory changed hands. Political and military heads remained intact. *Positive international law* went no further.

Yet, dare we forget the *Ius Gentium*—that code of natural and positive laws which governed international and inter-state relationships up to recent times and which we are presently trying to restore? The Nuremberg trial, far from making new law, merely resurrected old law which had long since been forgotten. The Nuremberg trial augurs the reconstitution of the *Ius Gentium* as the governing code for future international relations.

An excerpt from the *"De Iure Belli"* of Franciscus de Vittoria, foremost exponent of the Scholastic doctrine of war in the early sixteenth century, will substantiate this position:

> Not only is all this permissible (monetary indemnifications, etc.), but even after victory has been won and redress obtained and peace and safety have been secured, it is lawful to avenge the wrong received from the enemy and to take measures against him and exact punishment from him for the wrongs he has done.
>
> In proof of this be it observed that princes have authority not only over their own subjects, but also over foreigners, so far as to prevent them from committing wrongs, and this by the law of nations and by the authority of the whole world. Nay, it seems to be by natural law also, seeing that otherwise society could not hold together unless there was somewhere a power and authority to deter wrong-doers and prevent them from injuring the good and innocent.
>
> Now, everything needed for government and preservation of society exists by natural law, and in no other way can we show that a State has by natural law authority to inflict pains and penalties on its citizens who are dangerous to it. But if a State can do this to its own citizens, society at large can do it to all-wicked and dangerous folk, and this only can be through the instrumentality of princes. *It is, therefore, certain that princes can punish enemies who have done wrong to their State and that after a war has been duly and justly undertaken the enemy are just as much within the jurisdiction of the prince who undertakes* it as if he were their proper judge." (Italics mine) Cf. Eppstein's "The Catholic Tradition of the Law of Nations," p. 102.

Murder is murder, theft is theft, the ten commandments are the ten commandments for States as well as individuals. Rulers are morally responsible for the actions of their governments and subject to the same penalties. The Nuremberg trial merely gave sanctions to the natural law and the *Ius Gentium*. It need make no apologies to the last three hundred years.

The Rev. GEORGE A. KELLY.

Long Island City, N. Y.

TO the Editors: In your October 8, 1946 issue, you printed an editorial entitled "Our Law Was Broken" in which you maintained that the Nuremberg decisions were based on *ex post facto* law.

For many years I have sincerely admired the editors of THE COMMONWEAL for their honest, courageous and usually objective way of stating their opinions, especially in cases when the majority of American Catholics had different opinions, and I have agreed with the editors practically all the time. This editorial, however, on the Nuremberg trial seems to be written without that sense of responsibility which distinguishes THE COMMONWEAL. You did *not* prove, you simply stated that the nazis were

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condemned on *ex post facto law*. There are many experts in international law who cite the Kellogg pact and other international agreements outlawing war as a perfect *legal* basis for the condemnation and punishment of the Nuremberg defendants. Father Gustav Gundlach, S.J., in the November 9 issue of *America* says: ". . . . When an act is judged to be criminal according to moral teaching rather than by its relation to the interests of society, the question arises whether it is to be visited with punishment by an earthly tribunal. In such a case the decision is made in the light of the common good. Moral teaching will therefore confirm the liability to punishment in the case of Nuremberg."

Finally you failed to see some of the *actual* errors committed at Nuremberg. Dorothy Thompson in her recent article "The Gap in the Nuremberg Trial" exposed these errors in a brilliant way. She thinks that the failure to define conspiracy or aggression might have tragic consequence in the future. "And in the atomic age, those willing to interpret preventive war as legitimate defense—which is what the Soviet Union has actually succeeded in doing at the Nuremberg trial, as far as her own actions are concerned—may in the future hold some new Nuremberg trials to establish in 'international law' that the victim was, in fact, the potential aggressor."

I wonder whether you agree with Dorothy Thompson.

JOHN H. POLLAK.

THE ESTRADA INCIDENT

Esopus, New York

TO the Editors: Mr. George P. Doherty seems to pose an inescapable dilemma—either the periodical *Estrada* was guilty of propagating heresy or not. If guilty, then the Cardinal Archbishop of Buenos Aires had the obligation of explaining the heresy to the Catholics of his diocese; if not guilty, then the suppression of the periodical in question was an outrageous abuse of authority on the part of the Cardinal Archbishop and an unwarranted imposition on the obedience of his subjects. From the tenor of the article I gather that Mr. Doherty does not mean heresy in the strict theological sense, which is error directly opposed to truth formally revealed and sufficiently proposed by the infallible magisterium of the Church, but in the wider and looser sense of anything contrary to the teachings of the Church.

If the periodical was actually guilty of propagating heresy, I do not think there can be any doubt that the Cardinal had the obligation of openly exposing that heresy to his subjects in his decree of prohibition. This much at least was due his subjects not only to clarify any doubts they might entertain about the matter but to give their obedience and faith as rational a basis as possible.

But Mr. Doherty's real difficulty is the other horn of the dilemma, viz, supposing the seven issues of *Estrada* contained no heresy what about the justice of the Cardinal's prohibition? From his own investigation and that of a competent Argentine priest, George P. Doherty was convinced that *Estrada* contained no heresy. In that conviction for the sake of argument we can concur. But does the absence of heresy even in its widest sense mean that the power of Cardinal Copello was curtailed in this matter? Mr. Doherty undoubtedly thinks so for he writes: "If *Estrada* in fact contained no heresy, a much graver issue is raised. In that case Cardinal Copello was guilty of a grievous abuse of his authority as a bishop."

The authority of a bishop in his own diocese has a much wider scope than that fixed by the false notions of Mr. Doherty. In his own diocese every bishop is a minor pope. In his manual of dogmatic theology Canon J. M. Herve states the following as "catholic doctrine." "Over his own subjects every single bishop has jurisdiction that is ordinary, full, proper, and particular but subordinate to the authority of the Holy See." But over what matters can this authority be wielded? No less an authority than Benedict XV declares that the scope of the bishop's power in his own diocese extends directly or indirectly to whatever concerns the welfare of the Church and the salavation of souls. A wide norm indeed! For it not only touches faith and morals and the welfare of the Church immediately, but indirectly it reaches out to all those things that can either impede or promote those primary ends. Politics and labor and art and science all fall within its domain when the bishop judges them necessary or useful for the prosecution of those ends.

As Mr. Doherty intimates the reason for the suppression may have been that *Estrada's* forthright stand on the principles of Christian Democracy was proving irksome to the Perón régime. In itself such a stand was laudable and the youthful editors are to be commended for their courage in opposing the powerful and popular Perón government. But if Cardinal Copello feared that their opposition would draw down upon the Catholics undue restriction of liberty and too much state intervention in the affairs of the Church his suppression of *Estrada* cannot be called "a grievous abuse of authority." Without sacrificing principle, the Cardinal has made every concession to the government to protect the right of the Church and safeguard the liberty of the faithful.

If the facts are as Mr. Doherty states them, a much stronger objection can be raised against the *manner* of the Cardinal's procedure. It would have been more fitting had the editorial staff of *Estrada* been requested privately to cease publication and the reasons for the request truthfully and boldly set forth. Granted that Mr. Doherty has all his facts straight, to inflict with a reserved sin those who read *Estrada* without warning the editors was a high-handed and uncalled for exercise of authority. In view of their prompt obedience and willing submission after the decree of suppression the editors certainly deserved more considerate treatment than they received.

JAMES D. BREEN.

INCITEMENT TO WAR

Wallace, Idaho

TO the Editors: Our issue of THE COMMONWEAL for November 8 has just arrived. Thank God for your editorial entitled "Incitement to War"! It seems to be about time that more articulate voices were added to that of His Excellency Bishop Sheil in stressing the utter necessity for constructive Christian thought and action as

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opposed to the inflammatory "fight communism" technique.

For some months a group of us here has subscribed to the Boston *Pilot* in order that we might be able to follow more closely the pronouncements and program of Archbishop Richard J. Cushing. While entirely candid in his criticism of totalitarian conditions on the international scene, here is a man whose every utterance is worth heeding and whose constructive program augurs well for the Boston area and for the Catholics and non-Catholics of the country at large. It ought to seem evident by now that "actions speak louder than words" and that constructive Christian action all along the line will speak louder than continued harping on evils, real or imagined.

In the course of his splendid remarks concerning the recent Denver Liturgical Week, Father H. A. Reinhold did not mention the presence at those sessions of a young French professor, M. Jean Rogues. During several "extra" curricular" meetings M. Rogues did much to clarify our ideas of what Christianity in France is doing to fill the secularist and pagan void. The alert French Catholics aren't wasting time fanning the air with irate gestures of protest against conditions they definitely don't like. They are digging in, remaking the French conscience, Christianizing and re-vitalizing their country.

Catholics in these United States need not turn to foreign lands for the indications of what must be done. Right here at home we have great prelates and great laypeople who are leaders in the constructive Christian apostolate. Is the average Catholic wrong in expecting that the heads of American Catholic universities ought to be prominent among these leaders?

HENRY D. ELLIS.

VENEZUELA ON THE EVE

Caracas, Venezuela

TO the Editors: I am happy to advise you of the receipt of copies of THE COMMONWEAL for October 4 containing my article on the electoral situation in Venezuela. The election went off finally in a peaceful manner and resulted in the triumph of *Acción Democrático,* the Government party. It is gratifying indeed to be able to report to you that COPEI was second in the popular vote. And even though the number of representatives in the Constituent Assemly from COPEI were only 19 out of a total of 160, it is widely conceded that this represents a considerable achievement since the two other parties which engaged in the political battle, the Communist Party and URD, obtained only two seats each. Our newly-formed group therefore has attained wide popular recognition and enrollment of new members is increasing every day.

In view of the result of the election we shall have the rôle of official opposition for a long time and we hope that God will help us to carry it on satisfactorily to the end.

RAFAEL CALDERA.

Thirty thousand handbills issued by COPEI urge its members to carry on "as a just, firm and honest opposition." The Party is convinced that "to it belongs the future."

The Stage & Screen

John Gabriel Borkman

ITS IBSEN REVIVAL must steadily secure respect, as well as admiration, for the American Repertory Theater. The production is very very good indeed; certainly the most adult and subtle on the street. The play is, of course, one of the author's less spectacular, although presenting once again his two most cherished themes: the folly of the denial of love, and an insistence upon freedom for the individual. This latter drive, contained here in the character of the young Son of the piece, is somewhat minor. The character is more exposed than acted, so that it is the sombre, relentless playing—out of error—Borkman's giant, materialistic error—which must set the air and tempo of the work. The conflict itself is also chiefly exposed; the spring of this tragedy occurs years before its curtain's rise. What we *see* of this man, who had chosen gain rather than his own soul, and the two women he has wronged, is simply death; a death which is cumulatively plainer and clearer as we *learn,* scene by scene, the reasons for it.

I think the marvelous craft Ibsen displayed in this (*all* of life shown on one winter evening) has been finely matched by Eva Le Gallienne's staging and production scheme. Together with Paul Morrison, her designer, she has managed not a number of provocative sets, but rooms in a house. Outside the door, there is weather; overhead the footsteps and wild piano. Nothing has been sacrificed to easy theatricality: silences are long, crowded; there is no laughter planned, no audience-relief, no intermission. There is no *business.* The company supports this intransigence admirably, I think. And playing, as they were written, in the round rather than merely black or white or dazzle, their effect is at one with the play's. Particularly is this true of Margaret Webster's handling of the part of Mrs. Borkman. As the character is wholly understood, then wholly projected, it is even possible for us to sympathize with this frenzied, embittered woman. Miss Webster is an actress. Miss Le Gallienne's Ella Rentheim, Victor Jory's Borkman, Ann Jackson's Frida, notably Ernest Truex's gentle Foldal, are equally as carefully, lovingly built. And here, the fortunate chances for interplay in the repertory system are well demonstrated. In almost all the scenes it is not really possible to separate the company for praise.

There were two disappointments, I thought. The faky, tin trees of the final scene seemed to me very wrong, and this curtain far too prolonged. The scene (the two women's handclasp) is such a difficult one to play or even visualize, and yet I feel if it were juggled a little, a surer solution could be found. Then too, perhaps it had better be mentioned that in spite of superb atmospheric lighting throughout, occasionally the lamps do rather sit in one's eye from the orchestra. Especially during the upstairs scene, that one where the piano is again so perfectly managed.

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It will be apparent that I consider the entire production an achievement, and a magnificent one. I cannot imagine missing it, or, in fact, not going again. (*At the International.*) KAPPO PHELAN.

Thrill Well and Serve

WHEN DISCUSSING new films whose plots are well tinged with mystery, the reviewer finds himself at disadvantage. He must talk around the movies without actually saying anything that will reveal the stories' surprises for prospective movie-goers. Neither of the pictures reviewed below makes any outstanding contribution to cinema, but both provide unusual entertainment. Both depend too much on plot, but both are well directed with emphasis on a build-up that is guaranteed to throw you into a dither.

This is particularly so of *"Undercurrent"* which starts out telling about a plain young woman (Katherine Hepburn), who prefers the experiments in her father's chemistry lab to the attentions of young men. This point is made several times by the housekeeper (Marjorie Main) who is distinctly worried. But into the home and life of this unconventional heroine comes a man (Robert Taylor), a nationally-famous inventor and manufacturer, who succeeds in ringing the bell. They fall in love, get married, proceed to Washington where he makes her over (with help, of course, from Hepburn's own assets and some stunning gowns). But her newfound happiness is short; for over her husband hangs the shadow of his brother who mysteriously disappeared.

In spite of the fact that its story is developed much too slowly and that the script by Edward Chodorov is overwritten, "Undercurrent" manages to be a creepy affair that gets more fascinating as it progresses. This is mainly due to Vincente Minnelli's skillful direction of a good cast. While Hepburn is not entirely convincing in the rôle of a bewildered and rightfully suspicious heroine, she is by no means dull. Taylor is excellent as the disturbed husband; and so are various members of the supporting cast including Robert Mitchum in an unusual characterization of a practical dreamer; Jayne Meadows whose resemblance to Hepburn figures in the story; Edmund Gwenn as the understanding father. Compared with "Rebecca" and "Spellbound," "Undercurrent" makes too much fuss over its labored story, but like those other pictures, it well illustrates cinema's ability to weave a spell.

I suspect that men more than women are going to like *"The Chase";* mainly because it is told from the point of view of the leading male character; and Robert Cummings plays this rôle so well and so unostentatiously that masculine audiences will no doubt project themselves into his position. At the picture's start, Chuck, a hungry, jobless ex-GI, finds a billfold. After a good breakfast he hunts up the owner—and soon finds himself involved with a group of people whom a wiser man would leave immediately: sadistic Eddie Roman (played by handsome Steve Cochran with a sinister touch that hits a new high in malevolence), his wife (portrayed by that fine actress Michele Morgan who does not get a chance to display her talents), and his bodyguard (Peter Lorre staring at the other members of the cast as if they were all victims about to be led to slaughter). Chuck stays on as chauffeur and soon agrees to rescue Mrs. Roman from this den of iniquity by taking her to Havana.

I don't believe the script (written by Philip Yordan from Cornell Woolrich's, "The Black Path of Fear") bears too close scrutiny; and its plot has far too many loopholes. But Director Arthur Ripley builds up a nervous tensity that grows until you are beside yourself with anxiety for Chuck's safety. Much of the picture has an appropriate nightmare quality that becomes quite scarey—not alone for what happens, but for what might happen. The moral issues in "The Chase" are rather hazy, so be careful to whom you recommend it. But for escape from reality, the picture has all the makings.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Our Political Doldrums

EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

THE DEPRESSING level of today's American political life is reflected in other facets besides that of the sorry ineptitude of the Truman administration. It can be seen in the defeat of a number of good men including Jerry Voorhees and Herbert Lehman in the recent election and in the general success of Republican candidates without plan or program at a time when national drifting is particularly dangerous. Although a number of newly returned veterans offered themselves as candidates this November, it is hard to tell much about them yet. It is difficult to visualize them, however, as counterparts of the bright young men who flocked to Washington in the early Franklin Roosevelt days with ideas of serving their country in government. Another symptom of our low political estate is the unqualified acclaim which has greeted Governor Arnall's new book*—the all-out way the reviewer-boosters in the daily press and the mushrooming, log-rolling new Sunday book supplements have saluted the retiring Georgia governor.

When you come to think of it, there is nothing so remarkable about this 39-year-old state executive's principal observations. He sees that because of northeastern concentration of heavy industry and finance the South and West are really colonies in the Manchesterian sense—serving as the source of basic raw materials (including manpower, in this case) and as markets for the Northeast's finished products. He recognizes the baneful effects of one-crop corn or cotton agriculture: exhaustion of the soil, erosion, the descent from small farmer to tenant-sharecroppers and finally to hapless Okies. He grasps the possibilities in TVA methods of repairing some of these ravages and building up regions generally. And he is one of the few contemporary political observers conscious of how bad the present distribution of our national population is.

*The Shore Dimly Seen. Ellis Gibbs Arnall. Lippincott. $3.00.

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Governor Arnall is indeed alive to the dangers of over-centralization in the United States. He names some of the worst monopolies and near-monopolies. He points out that fines under the anti-trust laws are so light as to mean nothing to a large corporation. He is indignant about the power of the railroads to keep Southern and Western industry back through the maintenance of regionally discriminating freight rates. He is properly fearful of entrusting too much to Washington and stresses the importance of constructive action on the state and even the local level. He is not happy about the lack of a sense of personal responsibility in the average American citizen; at the same time he is mindful of the need for an adequate system of social security.

All this is good, challenging, sound and worth saying. But is it so extraordinary? Is it not rather what many an intelligent observer "hep" to the facts might opine in these matters. Yet confidence in our government officials has sunk so low that it is actually a startling experience to find in the pronouncements of a man now in office so much solid thought and good sense. In fact it is impossible right now to think of a single prominent government official or potential candidate for the presidency in 1948 who has even half as much to say.

In general Ellis Arnall's achievements as governor are even more noteworthy. In a few years he has taken his state's finances out of the deepest red and made Georgia a going fiscal concern. He has abolished the notorious chain gang system, also taken education out of a ruinous political set-up and made it autonomous. And Georgia has abolished the poll tax. Under his régime a remarkable series of state agricultural experiments have provided a wealth of usable data for rural areas. Livestock has, in fact, supplanted cotton as Georgia's leading crop. The Governor has demonstrated in actuality that many things are better handled on the state or local rather than the federal level.

It is curious that a book co[illegible]rtsm[illegible]n for[illegible]g so much good sense should have such serious lacunae. Optimism, confidence and a certain catchiness of phrase are definite political assets in bewildering days like these. Yet at certain moments Ellis Arnall sounds as misty-eyed as his friend, Henry Wallace. Here are two samples of his lapses into wishful thinking: "The relationships of nations are not essentially too different from the relationships of human beings. Madame Chiang and I were able to talk, pleasantly, of experiences and friends we had in common . . ." Again, "It is relatively simple to assure an economy of abundance, in which there will be no conflict between private initiative and public initiative and in which individual opportunity is compatible with the welfare of society." Any man's typewriter fingers will slip once in a while, but these rosy contentions deal with the most important issues of the day.

Even so, that is not the principal reason that I wish the book reviewers had not tossed their hats quite so high in greeting. Mr. Arnall appears genuinely interested in raising living standards and giving *every* American adequate protection of the law, but his weakest spot is that he goes down the Southern line of second-class citizenship for the Negro. Except for a lone gesture in acknowledgment of the importance of human sentiments, he ascribes the Negro's difficulties in the South to the general poverty of the region. For instance, "Fundamentally, the problem of the Negro in the South is a problem in economics." He dubs the FEPC as simply meddlesome and offers as counterpoint the insecurity of the Jews in Boston and the phenomenon of some highly imaginary "screaming mobs in Madison Square Garden praising Franco."

Governor Arnall delights in an experience he had with John Gunther, the man who writes about the insides of so many places from outside. He took the omnivorous journalist to downtown Atlanta on a Saturday night. On Peachtree Street, thronged with people, the only colored man discernible was a hotel doorman secure in the status afforded by a uniform. Nearby in Decatur Street, "there were literally thousands of Negroes on the street, visiting, shopping and fraternizing . . . there was no law, no city ordinance and no prohibition . . . the whites preferred to window-shop on Peachtree, while the Negroes preferred to visit together on Decatur Street."

And is it fair to ask Governor Arnall why the brutal racial murder of two young Negroes couples in the small town of Monroe, Georgia, last July, still goes "unsolved" and unpunished? Or how he squares this failure with the idealism and the call to state responsibility he expresses so forcibly in "The Shore Dimly Seen"? I do not see how we can avoid these questions. And if he cannot answer them satisfactorily—or does not develop more enlightened racial views—I do not believe that despite his talents, achievements and ideals Ellis Arnall is entitled to be known as a great American democrat (liberal), as he so fondly aspires. But the sad fact remains that with all his deficiencies he is half a head taller than most of his contemporaries in American public life.

More Books of the Week

The Abbé Edgeworth. M. V. Woodgate. Longmans. $2.50.

THE ABBÉ Henry Essex Edgeworth de Firmont was an Irish priest in the era of the French Revolution, a relation of Archbishop Ussher and of Maria Edgeworth the novelist, who owed his French upbringing and citizenship to the fact that his father, a rector of the Protestant Church of Ireland, took the step—almost unprecedented in that age and sect—of becoming a Catholic and removing himself and his family to Toulouse. Miss Woodgate recounts an interesting story: that the rector's conversion was effected by an interview with a Protestant bishop, unnamed, who had returned to Ireland after a tour on the Continent. Mr. Edgeworth asked his superior if he had not been shocked by "the idolatry which centered round the Mass." "I saw no idolatry," the bishop replied, "they worship, not the Host, but Christ whom they consider therein." Not unnaturally the rector inquired whether His Lordship was thinking of becoming a Catholic, to which the bishop replied, no less naturally, that "he saw no necessity for destroying the

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prospects of his family, and injuring himself by giving his opinions uncalled for publicity." It was Mr. Edgeworth who changed his faith, and went to Toulouse where it was the strong Protestant minority which "suffered from laws harder than those which pressed upon Catholics in Ireland."

It was the French Revolution, or at least the revolutionary spirit, which annulled that iniquity, but of course, the royalist Abbé Edgeworth, like the free-thinking Taine, could see nothing but evil in the Revolution. In the year 1790, when the French clergy were obliged to take the constitutional oath, under pain of deprivation and ultimate martyrdom, the Abbé escaped the dilemma on the ground that he resided at the *Missions Étrangères,* rue du Bac, whose residents were, for some reason, exempted. This fact enabled him to become confessor to Madame Elizabeth of France, the king's pious sister, to replace the *emigré* Archbishop of Paris as secret vicar-general of his diocese during the Terror, and, for one day of his life—January 21, 1793—to play a capital rôle in the history of the French Revolution—that of confessor and witness of the dying moments of Louis XVI on the guillotine. He has left an extremely interesting and dramatic account (*"Les Dernières Heures de Louis XVI"*) of his visit to the Temple prison in the company of the Minister of Justice (Garat), of the King's last Mass, and the scene at the guillotine, marvelously described by Carlyle, when, according to the latter, the Abbé Edgeworth said aloud to the King: "Son of Saint Louis, ascend to heaven." He left the place, through a sea of pikes and bayonets, covered with the blood of the victim; and after *Thermidor,* 1794, he left France forever, serving as chaplain the king's unworthy brothers, the Count d'Artois at Edinburgh, and Louis XVIII at Mittau in Courland where he died. "He was no preacher," says Miss Woodgate, "no writer of spiritual letters; he had no outstanding intellectual gifts. His power lay in his simplicity and sincerity, and a sort of unconscious holiness." But is not all authentic holiness unconscious?

Of this discreet, conservative but rather sympathetic ecclesiastic Miss Woodgate has written a brief biography of some interest and absolutely no pretention. Indeed it is remarkably lacking in errors of historic fact compared to several much longer and more pretentious works on the same period that could be mentioned. The Abbé himself was not entirely innocent of such errors, although a participant in the revolutionary torment. Thus he writes his friend, the Irish Catholic Bishop Moylan, that "the whole body of bishops, with one exception, refused the constitutional oath": there were four exceptions. It is a curious fact, noted by Miss Woodgate, that the famous words: "Son of Saint Louis, etc., "are omitted from the Abbé Edgeworth's personal narrative." He left the scaffold in a state of collapse, and later admitted that he could not recall having uttered them.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

Driftwood Valley. Theodora C. Stanwell-Fletcher. Little. $4.00.

THE BEST-SELLER lists are giving an unusually satisfactory story lately, showing "Driftwood Valley" climbing up the non-fiction ladder of public interest. Mrs. Stanwell-Fletcher's account of two years spent with her amazing and modern outdoor story book husband in a northwest British Columbia wilderness is good reading. The appeal of the distant and untamed is large and timely, but the book is well worth reading for more solid reasons too.

For one thing, the author writes well. Then, alone in a genuine wilderness, a young and intelligent couple who mostly see no one but each other, and more than any others, some Indians, and always, nature, think and write things of decidedly unusual and interesting quality. Looking from their currently rare angle, this couple evidently did not work around to anything very near the traditional Christian viewpoint, but their naturalism is not like most, and is decidedly freer and broader, and rather spectacularly healthy.

The most remarkable literary accomplishments of Mrs. Stanwell-Fletcher are probably her physical descriptions of the first camping trips taken in the utter wilderness before she and "J," her husband, reached top condition (a condition they certainly achieved later on). The story of the moose which, after being shot, got into the lake before dropping (the nearest anything ever succeeded in getting away from "J," who was a Daniel Boone for shooting as well as everything else related), and the description of carving up the beast for food and hauling the meat out of the lake and up the hill is perhaps the most remarkable description of a particular, unsheltered side of natural life. The description of the rare dipper birds, living in winter around their cabin, is probably the loveliest—lyrical, I suppose, but not in the quivering "nature over-writing" school.

One of the principal ideas of the wilderness, lonely living was to work into the environment of wild animals and birds and fish and flora so that "nature" would take the observers for granted and go along unaffectedly. That would permit the most useful collecting and analysis of natural history. I believe that scientific and other naturalists would consider the Stanwell-Fletchers' success in photographing in motion picture and in closely and repeatedly observing and reporting the timber wolves was their outstanding achievement.

The non-spc in reader will also doubtless note how the Indians co n to their earliest and unsentimentalized reputation, ew man and woman (with caps or quotes) take a more historic rôle in life as cocktail parties are left distant and physical and nervous characteristics naturally assert themselves; how there is really much more time than we are accustomed to think, racing for the subway.

PHILIP BURNHAM.

The Congressional Career of Thomas Francis Bayard, 1865-1885. Charles Callan Tansill. Georgetown.

SIX years ago Professor Tansill gave to the serious students of American history "The Foreign Policy of Thomas F. Bayard, 1885-1897." That authoritative work is now supplemented by the volume here briefly reviewed. These two exhaustive studies furnish the reader with a wealth of heretofore unavailable material relative to American domestic and foreign affairs. Thomas Francis Bayard of Delaware, one of the few northern senators who aided the southerners during the period of reconstruction, has been very fortunate in his biographer. The book is especially rich in direct quotations from important primary source material. Extensive documentation and a detailed index further emphasize the excellence of the volume.

PAUL KINIERY.

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Religion In America. Willard L. Sperry. Cambridge-Macmillan. $2.50.

DEAN SPERRY of the Harvard Divinity School, a graduate of Olivet College and Yale University, a Rhodes scholar, a liberal Congregationalist, and the author of a dozen popular volumes published this interpretation of religious life in the United States for an English audience whose information would be fragmentary. It was well to get out an American edition for the average American knows little about the religious background or the religious life of his country even of his own denomination if he be in that half of the population which practices Christianity, more or less, in its 256 churches and sects. This is all the more true for as the author himself notes: "The normal denominational church history of any given religious body in the country is more often than otherwise merely a dictionary of ecclesiastical biography." Doctor Sperry is an agreeable and informal writer with a sense of responsibility and broad toleration, unless for the Irish Catholic politician and the urban machine. With relish, he quotes Archbishop Ireland as observing that:

> An honest ballot and social decorum will do more for God's glory and the salvation of souls than midnight flagellations or Compostellian pilgrimages.

He displays no ecclesiastical pedantry or religious indifference, but he is a bit deferential to the standing order and the social preeminence of men and churches. He seems to be well aware that religion is an essential basis of morality and that without morality good citizenship is less possible and less permanent than otherwise. In American Protestantism, he finds no effectual barrier against secularism which is fostered, after all, by the "restrictions imposed upon us and the liberties accorded us by the separation of church and state."

To Doctor Sperry, "the total fact of America has done something to every one of the religions which have migrated there." Thus quite aside from dogma, he observes that:

> The Irish priest with us, despite his age-old Missal and his unvarying Mass, is not the same man as the parish priest back home. He may remain consciously and devoutly Catholic but he does not hesitate to speak boldly of American Catholicism, even though the words theoretically imply a contradiction in terms.

The reviewer hastens to add that the poorest chapter deals with the Catholic Church because of forced dependency upon a paucity of easily available, printed material. Any fears of Doctor Sperry or Americans in general as to Rome's leanings "toward dictators and their totalitarianism" because of implacable hostility to communism must be answered for him by the unhappy course of international affairs since he penned his manuscript.

When he deals with the separation of church and state, the denominations, the Negro churches, and religious education, Doctor Sperry is at his best. With Dean Inge's "The Church and the Age," he is in agreement as far as that gloomy commentator's observation that: "Like certain ministers of state, the Church has always done well in opposition and badly in office." Certainly religious bodies have prospered relatively well in the United States where separation has never become real enough to be suppression. To Doctor Sperry the greatest loss under our system has been educational for "state-supported schools, colleges and universities are prohibited from giving anything like formal religious instruction to the young." Even Sunday schools become politely secular as the Episcopalian bishop learned when his child made airplanes in lieu of singing psalms. With an average of 200 communicants, Protestant churches, especially in urban areas are economically in a bad way. After all the land is over-churched and devastating is the picture of American Protestantism bent upon "doing good." Smallish minds may rise easier in the ministry than in probably any calling save education when dominated by professional educationists. As for the future of church-related colleges, Doctor Sperry is unduly pessimistic as he writes in pre-GI days:

> The denominational colleges were usually first on the ground, pioneering in the field a century ago, but most of them are inadequately endowed. Financially they are badly handicapped in comparison with the universities; their equipment is poor, much of it already falling into disrepair; their salaries are low; their curricula limited. Many of them are trying to meet this situation by imitating in miniature the elaborate programmes of the state universities in the hope that they may thus attract students. Such readjustment prompts them to stress a denominational catholicity if not a candid secularity. This mistaken strategy is costing them the confidence of the churches which founded them. . . . The mortality among the small denominational colleges of America promises to be high in the near future.

In this one can only hope that Doctor Sperry is wrong for the small college is a tough institution and it has done well by America in poverty and on the frontier even though America's gratitude has been begrudging and expressed in ungenerous endowments. Taken as a whole this volume offers a splendid interpretation of American Protestantism in action. RICHARD J. PURCELL.

Acres of Antaeus. Paul Corey. Holt. $2.75.

THE FARMER is in the sunshine today. He has both money and meat, and his only complaints are the inability to get materials and machinery for expansion. It takes a hard twist of the mind to recall that little more than a decade ago the farmer was in truly sad circumstances, debt-ridden, losing his land and futilely producing at a loss for a glutted market. There were angry cries on all sides: "The government's got to step in. Get out the shotgun. The big guys on Wall Street and the insurance companies are responsible. Something's got to be done." It is against this depression setting that Paul Corey has written "Acres of Antaeus," and because weather changes in a hurry, it is a timely story.

Jim Buckly, just out of Iowa State, gets involved in all phases of the struggle. He believes in the family-sized farm but also in the new scientific methods of mass production in the fields. He sympathizes with his wife Emily, and her family who are about to lose the homestead to the insurance company; yet the only job he can find is as production expert for Midwest Farms, Inc., a chain-farm organization pledged to profit and working clandestinely with the insurance companies to get control of all the land. He pities the dispossessed farmers and the hungry rural proletarians crawling to get the favor of a job from Midwest, but his orders are to drive them to the limit, fire them, cut costs. The story alternates between the intrigue and greed in the office of Midwest and the growing resentment of the farmers, building up slowly to a series of clashes. The top men of Midwest betray one

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another; the meeting of farmers to protest evictions turns into a stampede to lynch the judge, and Emily's father and brother are jailed; the local fascists seize Charley, an innocent farm hand, and give him a bloody beating. Even the heifer on the old home farm has violent labor before her calf is born, an event which cures Emily of her phobia toward having another baby.

It seems a bit of bad luck that so important and, on the whole, so wellhandled a theme has to be marred with occasional vulgarities which add nothing except limitation to the size of the audience for which the novel can be recommended. In addition Mr. Corey has a very difficult time with his principal characters. Early in the book, about the time Emily jumps off the bank in the pasture trying to get rid of the first baby, one's pretty sure that Jim and Emily aren't worth the price, and they grow more childish and silly as the story progresses. One good spanking anywhere along the line would have helped a lot. And it isn't because Mr. Corey cannot develop people to fit the theme. Most of the minor characters are solid and true. Wise-cracking young Charley with his bold front of optimism toward a barren future is a memorable figure, depicted with understanding. All in all Mr. Corey is an artist at conveying the excitement, humor, depth and tragedy of farm life. Just excuse me from Jim and Emily.

EMERSON HYNES.

Introduction to New Zealand. New Zealand Legation (Washington 8, D. C.) $3.00.
New Zealand-Pacific Pioneer. Philip L. Soljak. Macmillan. $2.50.
Where the People Sing. John Lee Zimmerman. Knopf. $3.00.

THE FIRST of these is official. It is expertly prepared by the Historical Branch of the Department of Internal Affairs in Wellington, N. Z. Well organized, beautifully illustrated and happily informative, it is modest if impressive in its claims. It makes readily acceptable the impression of so many globe-circling American servicemen that climatically, politically, from the viewpoint of labor and race relations or almost any other way, the Dominion of New Zealand is the nearest thing there now is to an earthly paradise. Mr. Soljak is a New Zealand journalist who has been around the globe himself. His book is naturally more personal than the official "Introduction" but highly factual too. As with nearly all of his white compatriots he is tremendously interested in the brown Maoris and proud of their accomplishments. Both these first two books emphasize the work of the Dominion's labor courts and other social achievements from which other nations—including our own—could learn so much. John Lee Zimmerman was an American marine who succumbed to the spell of the Maoris, perhaps the world's most gentle, hospitable and appealing people. He was completely carried away by everything Maori, by men and women young and old. He cannot even find anything to criticize in the lightheartedness with which the Maori girls entered upon what they knew to be but temporary liaisons with American servicemen. What greatly impresses him is the Maori communal spirit and their pride of race and tribe. He encountered a geniality, a spirit of craftsmanship and a way of life he will never forget. He contrasts all this with the infinitely more complex and difficult race relationships of the United States.

EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

Krazy Kat. George Herriman. Introduction by E. E. Cummings. Holt. $3.75.

NO LONGER does the mighty arm of Ignatz Mouse unwind in proud tossage of a Kelly-baked hod biscuit, and dear Krazy, as Herriman predicted, has ridden away to the People of the Twilight, her password the echoes of a vesper bell, her coach a zephyr. But in this memorial volume we have an accurate record of the fantastic doings on the primordial plain of Coconino County. Through some one hundred and seventy-five pages of Herriman's drawings move all our once-familiar friends; Krazy and Ignatz, Mrs. Kwakk Wakk and Officer Pup, Kolin Kelly the brickmaker, Koach Kanine, Señora Marihuana of Vara Verde, and the elegant Kiskidee. Those reassuring landmarks of the vast plain, the Kalabozo del Kondado del Kokonino and La Mesa Encantada, are there too.

The drawings are introduced by Mr. E. E. Cummings, one of the most enthusiastic of Krazy's cultists, who tries to make Herriman's magical characters figures in a political allegory, an attack on "two-fisted, spineless progressives!" The history of Coconino County may have political implications for Mr. Cummings, but for most Kat fans it is simply but marvelously fantastical. The magic of "Krazy Kat" utterly defies analysis or description; a reviewer can only recommend. It is a wonderfully successful union of first-rate fantastic draughtsmanship and prose—the very best comic strip that we have ever had in America.

JACOB BEAN.

The Yale Collections. Wilmarth S. Lewis. Yale. $2.00.

OFF THE PRESS in time for a convocation designed to mark Yale's return to peacetime studies, and to direct attention to its great collections, this is a learned and light-hearted account of the inception and progress of the University's Library, Art Gallery, Peabody Museum and Anthropology Museum; it is in no sense a catalogue, but rather a description of the adventures of collectors, the vicissitudes of curators called on to house trophies, and the Yankee—perhaps we should specify Connecticut—shrewdness of the university authorities.

At the recent convocation, Mr. William M. Ivins, Jr., said of the Jarves Collection of Italian Primitives, that it is probably "the most important collection of works of art ever acquired by a university from funds which it might have spent in other ways." Mr. Lewis, who is a Trustee of the Associates in Fine Arts, as well as a Trustee of the Library Associates, tells how this came about. In 1868, James Jackson Jarves, a Connecticut chemist who had "intellectual pluck" had impoverished himself in making a collection of early Italian paintings; he deposited his collection of 119 pieces in Street Hall, the School of the Fine Arts at Yale. Yale made him a loan, and took the pictures as collateral; he was unable to pay off the loan; the pictures were sold at auction; the university made the only bid, and purchased the pictures at a figure below what many of them would bring today if sold singly—"one of the most irregular pieces of university financing on record, and certainly one of the most brilliant."

I remember dancing at a reception given for a newly-elected President of Yale in the gallery of the Primitives in the old Fine Arts building: the grave-eyed Jarves Madonnas looked out complacently on a huge and genial ex-President of the United States who was filling the

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hall with his laughter. The very crowding at Yale in those days forced the faculty and students into a sort of familiarity with the university's treasures. Now, those same Madonnas are in the new Art Gallery. The early American portraits are there, too—one of Yale's richest collections, and so are the Trumbull paintings of the American Revolution. According to Mr. Lewis, John Trumbull induced his nephew, Professor Benjamin Silliman, to get the university to take his pictures, house them, and give him an annuity of $1,000 a year.

I hope that many undergraduates will dip into this volume. Undergraduates browse more than they care to admit, and their delight in Yale's treasures will be increased by a knowledge of their history: they will gloat more than ever over the Shakespeare folios and quartos in the Elizabethan Club Library, and take keener delight in the possession of the Gutenberg Bible, the Collection of American Literature and the marvelous contents of the Rare Book Room in the Sterling Memorial Library, if they are familiar with Mr. Lewis' anecdotes.

As for the Peabody Museum: "In spiders Yale is supreme." But doubtless, lonely freshmen find more congenial companionship in the great Hall of the Reptiles, and solace themselves by consorting with the dinosaurs, as their fathers did, when the old museum, which stood at the corner of Elm and High Streets in New Haven, was bursting with paleontological specimens and inspiring a verse which Mr. Lewis quotes:

> Methinks I hear in chorus
> Each half-mounted Brontosaurus,
> Each Iguanodon, Pteranodon, and Spoon-Bill Dinosaur,
> Cry against their profanation
> "Oh, respect our age Cretacian,
> Give us room to live our lives out. Can't you set us up once more?

No freshman could fail to thrill to the account of the expeditions which unearthed these weird inmates of the Peabody. The young Yale men had two Pawnee guides, and two Army scouts, one of whom was Buffalo Bill, and were "let loose in perhaps the most wonderful 'field' ever opened to science, the romantic West of their own country. . . . They presented the learned world with creatures as fabulous as any produced by man's imagination—toothed birds, flying dragons, reptiles with legs twelve feet long and with the dew of the Jurassic still upon them."

Young students and the general public probably wonder less at the specimens in the Museum of Anthropology than at those in the Hall of Reptiles. But, as the curator of that museum once wrote, "Anthropology is an education in tolerance and an appreciation of human accomplishment," and Mr. Lewis conveys much of the human side of the study. Perhaps there is a note or appeal in his chapter, for he states that the collections still have no home of their own. Certainly, some day, the specimens collected in the Caribbean, the Andes, the Far North and China will cry out to as good purpose as did the Spoon-Bill Dinosaur.

D. H. MOSELEY.

Medieval Islam. Gustave E. von Grunebaum. Chicago. $4.00.

DR. GRUNEBAUM received his Ph.D. at the University of Vienna and is now Associate Professor of Arabic in the Department of Oriental Languages and

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Literatures at the University of Chicago. It is not surprising that his book on medieval Islam should be a competent scholarly work covering adequately the field to which he has limited himself. In brief, this is primarily the story of religious and literary Islam during the medieval period. It is not a political, social or economic history of Islam. The book will be a disappointment to those interested in social and cultural history although the elaborate discussion of religion and literature does shed some light upon other fields as well.

About the time this reviewer entered his first university class, it was popular among the more "advanced" teachers on the campus, particularly those in the English department, to over-emphasize the rôle of Islam in the development of European civilization. The achievements of Islam were used to ridicule the accomplishments of the Christian Middle Ages. Some went to the extreme of crediting practically every worth while development in medieval culture to Arabic influence. Professor Grunebaum effectively disposes of this warped historical concept. Without disparaging Islam's contribution to European culture he points out that Islam did not influence the fundamental structure of the Western World.

Particularly interesting is his demonstration of the essential unity in attitudes toward life, death, God etc. of the Western, Byzantine and Islamic worlds during the medieval period. It is too often forgotten that in spite of their divergent political and religious backgrounds, all three cultures worshipped the same God, held many of the same chivalric ideals and were far less separated in ideologies than the major cultures which make up the disintegrating world of the twentieth century. According to Professor Sorokin's concept, all three cultures were ideational rather than sensate. Business was not the end of life toward which all society strives. Non-materialistic goals were the motivating forces in all three cultures. And as in the Western World, so in Islam, after the dynamic force of early Islam's religious drive had spent itself, in keeping with Sorokin's analysis of the effects of the rise of a sensate culture, medieval Islam began to decay even before the Christian Middle Ages had scarcely entered their most glorious period. As in the case of Islam and Byzantium they too saw their very progress bring with it the seeds of ultimate decadence and decay with the rise of a sensate culture when merchants took an increasingly important rôle in the direction of society, when governments became more centralized, when a lawyer class grew rich upon the ills of society, and when priests found that the road to ecclesiastical advancement was in the domain of canon law rather than in the study of theology.

WALTER J. MARX.

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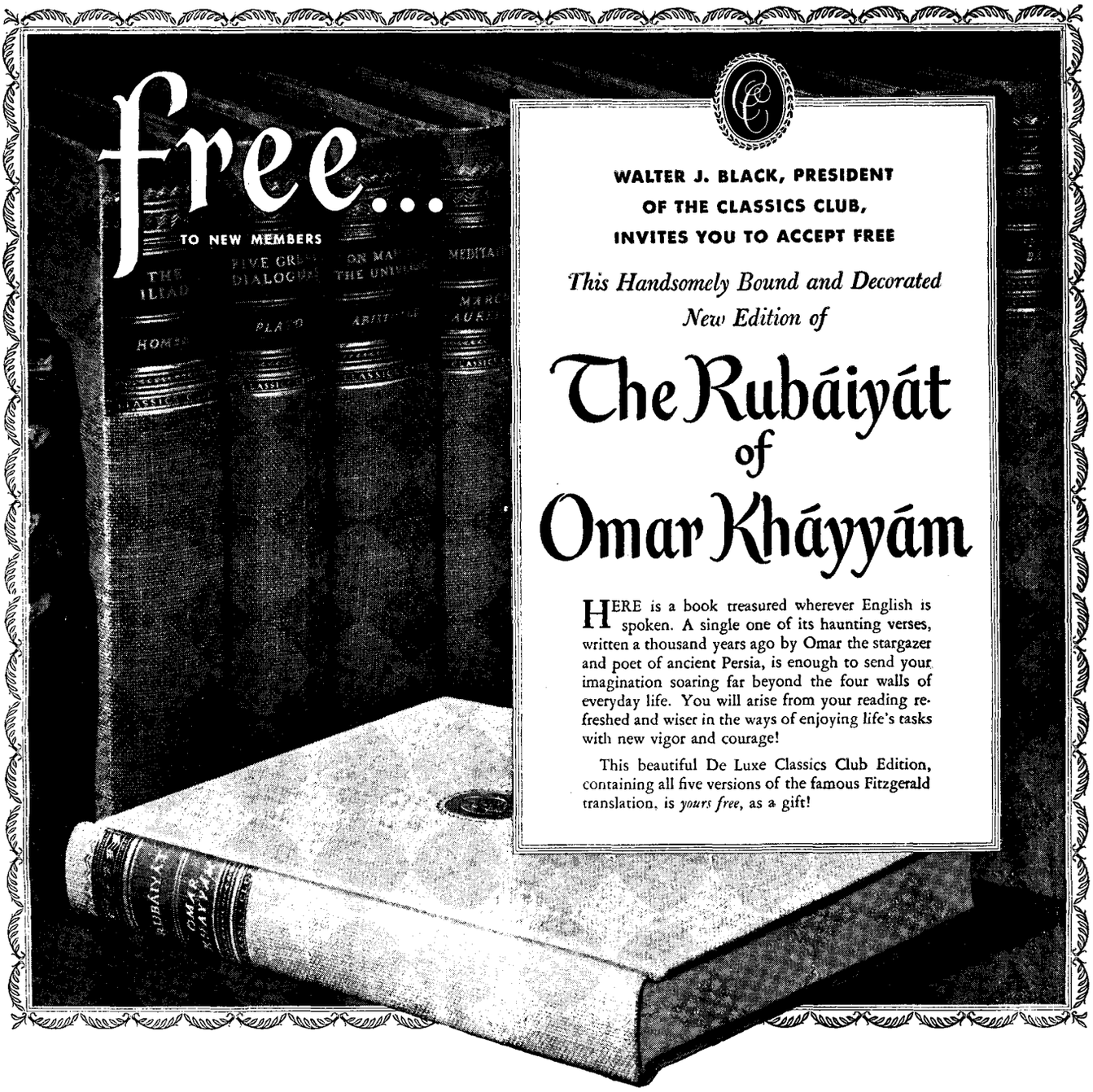

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